



This book is a work of fiction based on fictitious characters, incidents and places from the author's imagination. Any semblance it may have with actual events, people or places is of mere coincidence. All rights, including the rights to reproduce this book in any way shape or form belong to the author. No reproduction in whatever form or manner may be done without the prior consent of the author and publisher.

THE LEGEND OF HUMOR PLAGUE

edwlogics

Copyright 2021

All Rights Reserved





Eleven year old

Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artemdermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

RELEASE DATE 11/25/2021

PLEASE SUPPORT BAMI & THE TIME WEAVERS



This book is made available free to
download, read, listen and share.

PLEASE HELP END THE CIVIL, ECONOMIC
AND INTELLECTUAL TERRORISM AGAINST
ME. DONATE TODAY.

www.edewlogics.com



Theft is a testament to effect, the speed of light can not catch up to it. As a reprimand before dawn augur joy alongside misery, against the evening, its cause must be severed. Time knows pain, the intellect must know the end.

Across the foundations of earth, there is a remnant deep in slumber, a testament not of fate but of the fated on its own path. It dances unspoken, across the oceans, deeply embedded in waves of reckoning. But as the rivers beckons the tides, the air can not reckon it, and an echo was created immutable, after its own percussion.

Inside the house by Timber Lake, as noon feasted upon a night, a group of friends sat around the fireplace enjoying a feast of their own, not of their making. And the night seemed as young as the day was bright, the kindling of the fire as ice may lay, the constitute of quiet destruction.

From the group of celebratory bottles of hard liquor gathered next to him, Fred, the zoology professor with a taste for buying and trading exotic and expensive animals picked up, opened and poured some Jack Daniel into his glass from the bottle. "A close call makes a perfect getaway," he said.

He picked up the bottle of scotch and handed it to Wade.

Wade, freelance photographer, serial entrepreneur, smiled with more cause than the natural accord of the high from the achievement could afford as he



took it, as if he was hiding some harder knock than life. And his glazed eyes did not deter the fact that a high was needed to celebrate the achievement. He lifted the glass of scotch and waited for Fred to raise his. “To thieves who kill their heists.”

Frank, the government worker smiled. “To thieves who beat their heists to death. We killed it, men!”

Sue, the hipster musician raised her glass of wine. “To our biggest, our best.”

Page, the aspiring artist widened her eyes. “It is indeed our biggest and best isn’t it?” She stood abruptly, a mischievous smile on her face, walked to the end of the very large hall, away from the fireplace and seconds later came back with a bottle of champagne. She shook the bottle vigorously, popped the cork and sprinkled the foamy exploit all over her friends. “We did it.”

While the others were amused, Wade frowned, and brushed the foamy alcoholic residue from his clothes.

David paid little attention to the event. A medical doctor who had his medical license revoked because of medical fraud and malpractices, he was the quietest of the bunch. He was also the mastermind of such robbery plots.

But at the moment, he seemed in a trance, seated, his legs folded, his hands molded to his thighs. He indulged in silent soliloquy and the others



disregarded it because he told them his ingenuity came from chaos and his chaos from ingenuity.

They believed him. His definition of chaos was inner turmoil needing to be analyzed and resolved within the same body of thought. The respect he got from the others on the other hand, was resolved. They believed him. And they had a reason. He has planned all their sizable heists over the years and all if them had turned out successful.

Wade spoke. "Because we got it done doesn't mean we have to get wet, does it?"

Page shrugged. "Hey, lighten up a little."

Wade frowned. "Must be so I can sizzle down and freeze my steak. Did anyone ever told you, you were the dumbest thing ever written page?"

Wade's phone buzzed against his skin. A social media and sex addict, he could hardly abide by the rule instructing them to leave all electronics behind for two weeks. Although he was always ashamed to admit his addiction, he was certain he could hardly last half a day without such interaction. Any withdrawal from it could send him into some depressing state of repressed self hate. Those episodes hardly felt good.

He silently left the room as others went back to their merry doings.



The voice on the phone he recognized instantly as his best-of-the-rest girlfriend of three months as he had no instinct for fidelity.

“Did you just rob a bank?” she asked.

“What?” he asked, surprised beyond his mind in the moment.

“Don’t answer that,” she said, hesitated briefly. “The camera caught you and Frank in the driver’s seat...the two I recognized when you took your masks off. You didn’t know there was a camera where the car was parked?”

“What?” Wade asked, his bewilderment stemming from utter shock. He hung up the phone, and walked over to his friends, “Everyone,” he called.

But the merriment was too loud.

“Everyone!” he yelled.

They all stopped and paid him attention.

“Mia says we were caught on camera,” he announced.

The group turned silent.

“Who the hell is Mia,” Fred asked.

“Of course we were caught on camera,” Frank said. “But we were wearing our masks...”

“Who the hell is Mia?” Sue asked.



“How did she know it was us?” Frank asked.

Wade provided neither an answer nor a reason. He was certain David had heard his announcement and had a reasonable response if there was any to be had as his resolve mattered most. His resolve had protected them over the years.

They waited briefly as David slowly raised his head to hold Wade's eyes.

He spoke in a strained afflicted tone. “Why do you wear your indignity like a cloak?”

The large hall gained absolute silence for a few seconds.

“I couldn't possibly have known there were cameras there...” Wade said.

David narrowed his eyes, studying Wade. “And taking your masks off?”

“I and Frank were in the front seat. We had to or we will create a different sort of suspicion driving...” he responded simply.

“What? God damn it! Why must I sit in the front?”

David took his hand to his forehead as he lowered his head. “If ever that was some tragic paradox, could there be comedy in it? It's as if you sense a spark as you can hardly see it, so you call it thunder and assume you're in little trouble. If you hear thunder and see lightning strike and dissipate in mere seconds, you then assume you are in big



trouble because you can get struck. One is a dielectric, the other is a separation of charges across the atmosphere. Whatever happens if you mistake thunder for a spark, spark for thunder, or can not recognize the lack of humanity between the two? Would you be merely as a thief in abundance, indigently drunk to the thought of his actions and what consequences may be? Or something a lot more sinister?”

Wade hesitated briefly. “Is that possible?”

David hesitated as well. “You mean it was possible there were cameras where you never thought was impossible?”

Fred spoke. “You have proven it possible to be both deaf and dumb.”

Wade stared from Fred to David. He knew how David's mind worked. He knew his mind, being predominantly conversationally symbolic, could trail around and around if there was nothing to compare the situation regarding whatever subject they were discussing. “Could I have imagined it incorrectly Dr. Rush?”

David shook his head, closing his eyes slowly. “When you make such a mistake, you assume there is no way such an event can be traced to either it's liberation or it's owing. You would have assumed indigently, erroneously. You assumed two things. You assumed there is no dielectric absorption. You also assumed the thunder could not be heard.



When life is not separable from life, life is missed in its entirety. We must all part ways.”

Wade frowned, shook his head. “What? Like we all must be apart?”

Fred spoke, the note of sarcasm to his tone unmistakable. “No, like a serial killer on the loose on a professional binge looking out for the sanctity of his life...”

Wade tightened the muscles of his forehead and quickly chose to ignore Fred. He held David's eyes intently. “We’ve always been stronger together.”

“That was because we needed each other to achieve the crimes. Besides, that was when we were smart and didn’t take our masks off in front of the camera where we parked our car. Now we can only play one ruse at a time.”

Wade deepened his much-disturbed frown. “A hellish conundrum or a heavenly one?”

“Must be a con man’s paradise,” Fred joked dryly.

Wade ignored Fred. “Like the survival of the fittest?” he asked David.

“Worse,” David replied. “Like the survival of the least obvious at the moment.”

“What?” Frank asked, holding against his burgeoning anger. “You mean only the people who risked their faces to drive the get away car get to pay the price?”



“Quite diabolical,” Wade complained.

“Worse,” Sue said. “Quite Luciferian. The two horns seated in the front get to pay the price but not quite, when we all know what the much celebrated horns will tell of the rest of the body detached.”

“Piecewise and catastrophic, to sever or not to sever?” Fred mocked.

Wade flashed him an angry glance. “Must you always be so sarcastic?”

Fred nodded. “It beats screaming and yelling all for nothing. The deed is done. How can we choose to pay our prices.”

“Piecewise and catastrophic?” Wade asked with biting sarcasm.

Fred shook his head. “Or maybe split-wise and strategic. We can no longer afford the same history because we can not conjure up some alternate reality in the past, we have to do it going into the future and walking back possible history to this seeming impossible moment. We must all accept that the future must alternate its possibilities further and we can not do that without sacrifice. That major sacrifice has to be in all reasonable situations, within all reasonable scope, to minimize our losses. And that, by strict reason-ability, means to cut you two loose...”

Silence was maintained for a few seconds.



“We have to do something, ” Page added in agreement.

“This decided action seems a little bit too easy to make, don’t you think?” Wade asked.

Sue spoke. “We definitely can not achieve anything on the low and a log of wood can drift wirelessly and effortlessly better...we’re as doomed as possible. Yet we can’t ignore this problem without trying to solve it first. How sure are we that this so called revealing of faces actually happened.”

“We have to find out if this is internet ready,” Sue urged.

“Risking further exposure?” David asked.

“Gaining further information on which to base our understanding on what is to happen because of the information,” Sue answered.

“If we do and it’s true they are after us, we may just doom ourselves giving our location,” Frank argued. “And only two of us has the much higher risk in that...”

Wade deepened his frown. “Two or twenty, we're doomed. We cannot just rope ourselves in disbelief and stay anchored to the unknown natures of our fate? Is that your prescription Frank?”

Dave closed his eyes and opened them slowly, the expectation of his voice being final. “If we are to engage the outside world then we must be ready.



We must be ready to be on our way. We engage the internet and we're being hunted, we run."

A matutinal life must know maturity infantile as the capacity of becoming must be within the ability of being, a measure of essence. That measure of psychopathy goes beyond emotion to become some memento potential, an unwritten account of a self reasonable to a self. Written, it is as menstruation, resulting when a part of a self is inhibited rather than fertilized, incurring that nonessential hemorrhaging betraying the gainful necessity for it. It is the happiness joyless, the lowly standing, the gravely cadaverous, the terminal plethora, the metastasis without the cellular origin, and all that may, extend a free hand without the presence of a limb.

They ran, like entities on the bridge of some unpredictable extinction from the house by Timber Lake.

By nightfall, it was adequately known. They were the new America's Most Wanted with the two unmasked members identified and named. And there they were, bundled up inside a truck by some distal riverfront, thieves with heists the dream of a lifetime, hiding their heads for the sake of freedom, wondering what their future held.

"I'm certainly done," Frank announced.



Sue shrugged the awkward moment of pain and seeming hopelessness. “Oh, don’t be too harsh on yourself. You have options. You could have a sex change, grow a beard, get pregnant as some form of real disguise, move out of the country, get married to some unfortunate underage idiot and live unhappily ever after,” Sue said.

They all stared at her briefly.

She shrugged. “What? We’ve got stolen money.”

But Frank rubbed his palm against his forehead, as he was yet in the much-needed slight denial of the situation he was in. “I didn’t see this going down like this.”

David chuckled. “You could hardly see anything in hindsight or foresight. You're never there to witness the puncturing nail in the soon to be bubble coffin or see the bubble burst. You always make the deflating event...and so here we are, deflated and running for air...”

“Stop playing innocent David...and Frank you too,” Wade yelled as though to wake everyone from some impossible reverie. “This was the risk when you agreed to be a part of this. No one sees anything going down. No one has foresight or hindsight. But we all stuck our guts out for the fact that it does, over and over as we endured one heist after the other and other. We thought no one will be the wiser. This day would never come. We thought David was the smartest guy around, if not in the world, but I doubt he is in this truck that



could hardly contain us. So wake up Frank, we're in this for all the crap it is or you may give yourself up on your own terms. You better not give me up."

Frank shook his head. "What the hell is that supposed to mean? We gave ourselves up with that camera we didn't see coming. However in hell am I suddenly the snitch?"

Wade shrugged. "Maybe not yet. The camera did some damage. The human damage is yet to be done. I'm reminding you not to be, so stop looking like the weakest link. Even the girls are putting up for the hand we were dealt."

Frank exhaled. "Where the hell are we going to go? How are we going to live?"

"You guessed it," Fred said. "Like a pack of bandits-rabbits."

"I am indeed the smartest on this because I thought of every possibility leading to this moment...As to where we are going...I also have that prepared," David said. "We're getting out of town. There is a place I have revived and reserved for the worst of such situations, this situation, but I wasn't sure if I would be the only one needing it. I call it the Castle of the Last Beginning, an old asylum in the middle of nowhere I gently renovated. I really call it the Castle of Nine, so many rooms and hideouts, they just come back around about the corners. It's like counting zero while you're counting backward from nine to one; it will take a squad and an absolutely correct Intel



to catch us. We lay low there for a while as we all figure out what we'll do next."

There is no remedy for love outside the confines of it's naturalization. The aftermath of its lack is pronounced in a subtle evidentiary manner.

It is as a misnomer for a tale, love, a socket without eyes, enriched, invested in a moment's high without an inch to it's height, beloved not from the natural mark, that inherent scratch but on a straight, a pop vertical plane, tall and big without a tail. Too costly in fact, it's deficit must return a stake, itself a deficit.

The Castle of Nine stood prejudged before the mere glimpse of its presence. As a mansion of too many rooms with no room for sanity, the fact that it was an old asylum made it seem more out of place than it was, and they, we're quite unfortunate to be there.

But the abandoned appearance of the old asylum, turned warehouse, turned valueless and eventually sold to the highest bidder seemed an odd phantom distance after they kept turning corners without getting to the supposed reserved quarter of the building.

"Where the hell are we going?" Page complained.
"Are we lost?"



“We can hardly ask that when David is taking his time getting back to us,” Frank said. “He designed the place as our hideout he claims but maybe he is leading us into a trap...maybe we're already abandoned.”

Fred laughed, sarcastically. “I bet if you get going around here without the knowledge of the facilities you can get lost in it.”

“To reserve quarters in here you have to be without your facilities or faculties,” Sue said.

“And David is our best faculty and facility at the moment...beggars can't be choosers,” Fred answered. “And thieves on the run would always hide their heads...”

“And their tails,” Sue added.

“And their tails,” Fred agreed.

“He means wanted armed robbers can't afford to live the high life,” Wade added. “Better the low life than a hard life in prison. That reminds me Wade; we have to dump the car tonight, and or steal another just to be safe.”

“Or steal none at all, just to be safest,” David, making the corner dragging something behind him, said.

They all stared at him.

The object he dragged behind came into view as a dark dust covered suitcase.



“Did you dig that out of a grave?” Sue asked sarcastically.

David answered candidly. “Yes, so we can dig our own grave so no one ever find our thefts associable to us.”

“When ever do we come out of our graves?” Frank asked.

David stopped his progression and stared at Frank. “I wish I could tell you it’s when the coast is clear but the coast will never be clear in this case,” he said.

Sue frowned. “We will never come out of our graves?”

He studied Sue, swallowed a curse word under his breath. “We'll come out when there are new thieves around the block.”

He dragged the bag against the corner they were on and turned.

They followed swiftly.

He made some more corners before he stopped, faced the wall quite indistinguishable from the rest around several indistinguishable corners and studied the wall as if it were strangely patterned unlike the rest, pressed his back against the area he studied and the shrieking sound that shook the wall was distinguishable.



The wall gave way.

“You've got to be kidding me!” Fred exclaimed.

They followed him into a narrow circular pathway.

“What closes that?” Fred asked behind David.

“The lever behind it, ” David replied.

They followed him all the way around to another corner where he simply pushed the door, also a wall. The door gave way.

And with much relief to everyone but Fred, after much turning of corners, they got to a segregated decorated aspect of the floors. It was adequately furnished.

There is the benefactor to greed outside it's insatiability—as a love that never gives worth for worth. It takes instead life as opposition and declares some public good to live or die for, to love or to hate, measure against measure. But nature, reality as it's cause, need not lack or lust after it's effects.

There is decorum for lack as there is for excess. It is in the decorum of contentment nature finds it's strength, not as a strained manifesto the unquenchable insufficiency of some ideal life but



the manifest of a balanced integrity needing
neither a wish for retribution nor a grain of excess.

While everyone found comfortable seats in the
large room, Fred paced.

David, on his feet, stared at him.

“An incubation tomb?” Fred asked as he stopped
pacing to engage David's eyes.

David shrugged. “Are you doubting my life or my
access?”

“Both, and your loyalty, ” Fred replied.

They engaged each other's eyes with growing
animosity.

“You think I planned for us to get caught, bring you
into this hole so I can kill all of you and steal our
heist?” David asked.

Fred shrugged. “Anything is possible.”

David shook his head. “Not when you are a thief
like me...you plan things and anything becomes
possible as the consequential effects of the
planning. I am sorry I am not like the rest of you. I
have never been one to act on mere compulsions.
Those don't achieve anything. They merely give a
temporary and false sense of security where there
is no real stability, a false sense of well being when
there is nothing but psychotic chaos.”



Fred stared at David with a deeper sense of mischief than he ever felt. The hideout seemed a little bit too planned than he could imagine him endeavoring, a little bit unexpected after the unexpected event of the unmasking. “The doors are theoretically next to each other.”

David shook his head. “More than a lucky guess. They are practically next to each other.”

“The inlets face each other in opposing directions,” Fred stated. “Two corners that aren’t corners at all placed next to each other. It could easily have been a perpendicular passage.”

David nodded. “But they had to be adjacent and parallel.”

“With so many corners to turn, is there one circle, two circles or more here?” Fred asked.

David narrowed his eyes as he held Fred's. “Well, that's the question isn't it? We could just be going around in circles either way or in the multiple of possible ways.”

Fred exhaled, giving in to the quasi-validity of the moment in the meantime.

“Now is the best time more than any to celebrate the conquest of our heists,” David announced.

And they were merry together, forgetting their troubles for a while.



They drank, and soon their intoxication was the best of them.

“I wish I could be luxuriating in Cancun with whichever hot rod digs my fancy as I had planned it,” Page started.

Frank shook his head “We're walking dead weights and all you can think about right now is sex, booze and fun.”

Page shrugged. “What else can I think about in this creepy sleepy hollow swallower of dreams, wish upon a star?”

Sue swallowed a mouthful of scotch. “As a matter of fact there is this legend that says that if you go deep into hollows calling upon hollows like we have done, we can derive a recursion capable of reverberating back to us as effect.”

David frowned. “What the freak in hell does that mean?”

Sue smiled. “It sure sounds like science does it not...not just some supernatural bullshit? Let's call it metaphysics.”

David shook his head. “Or we call it bullshit maybe.”

Sue shrugged, holding David's eyes. “Truth or dare?”

David laughed, mockingly. “Whatever is there to risk for such dares?”



“We risk our individual shares of the heist, ” Sue replied simply. “If there is nothing to disprove, there is nothing to risk.”

Wade, the self-assured drunk among them, stood, turned to David and smiled. “I dare you to put a bullet in your head.”

David frowned. “What?”

Wade shrugged. “We didn’t set any limitation on the dare. Anything goes. And I dare you to put a bullet in your brain and end your misery right now.”

David deepened his frown. “If what you are worried about is the potency of miseries, I am the least in misery. Frank and you Wade should both put bullets in your head for our sakes?”

Wade, poured and swallowed another glass of scotch before he turned to Frank. “Let’s face it whether its now, tomorrow or some later date, you’re still our weakest link, you will rat us out faster than I ever can. So maybe you should just do us all a favor and end things.”

Frank, also intoxicated, hesitated briefly, thinking. “You go first.”

Wade raised an eyebrow. “What?”

Frank nodded. “It’s a dare to dare, we are both of the deepest miseries so you put a bullet in your



brain and I'll put a bullet in my brain. I dare you to go first."

Wade shook his head. "I can't go first. I dared first."

Frank nodded. "Indeed you did. But now your dare becomes a precedence to the fulfillment of my dare. If anything goes, anything goes. If you want me to take up your dare and put a bullet in my brain, then you must go first."

Wade smiled devilishly. "What the hell does that mean? There is absolutely no guarantee that you will put a bullet in your brain after I put a bullet in mine."

Frank shrugged. "It's your dare."

Silence enveloped the room.

David spoke. "Certainly, there is a way to end the problem if you use my high caliber gun. You stand back to front close to each other and use one bullet. One dare takes two out through the heart, otherwise stop wasting time."

Fred laughed, out loudly. "Do you mean adjacent and parallel the way we came in or perpendicular and side by side?"

"This is funny," Page said. "Is that what they call a Mexican standoff, theoretically speaking or something other?"

"This is worse, practically speaking," Sue said. "Wade will be shooting with his back to Frank, and



he will be shooting through himself. Certainly worse than a Mexican standoff.”

“I don’t want to say this is stupid,” Page said. “But it sure is.”

Sue shook her head. ‘I think it is the very nature of crimes in fact.”

Fred stood. “Okay, I’ll put a stop to this, I’ll go first.”

Everyone turned to Wade and waited.

Wade exhaled. “Okay, with bad judgment the dare was made, with bad judgment I take it back.”

Fred frowned, eyed David briefly. “Bad judgment from end to end?”

Wade nodded as he sat. “I still believe he’ll be the one to rat us out.”

Fred shook his head. “You’re getting drunk Wade. No one is going to rat us out. We’re here, together.”

Wade eyed Frank. “But not forever. No we’re not.”

Fred reclaimed his earlier position. “I’ll go first.”

They were all silent to hear his dare.

He waited, thinking, and then slowly smiled as he turned to Page.



“Oh, that doesn’t look good,” Page said.

“I dare you to strip,” he said.

They all smiled.

“You could tell him to put a bullet in his head,” Sue encouraged, turning her head in David's direction.

Fred shook his head. “We’ve decided that makes no sense even in the worst of circumstances or best.”

“We decided nothing,” Sue said. “Tell him to put a bullet in his head.”

Page hesitated, thinking, holding Fred’s eyes. “You go first.”

The men started laughing.

Sue smiled and stared at Page.

Page shrugged. “I’m an artist. Why not? He goes first.”

Fred smiled as Page stared at him. “While a group thing is not my thing...”

Wade smiled. “What group thing? I don’t want to see you naked man. She’s the best of this yet bad judgment dare.”



“Shut up Wade. A dare is a dare,” Frank barked, as he unbuttoned his shirt, and began to undress. When he got to his underpants, he hesitated, stared Sue and Page's way and muttered. “This should fulfil my part, you'll say?” And removed his underwears.

Page narrowed her eyes and stared at his crouch area. “I don't know...I mean I'm not sure...turn around.”

Frank turned round to face Page.

Page studied him.

“Sue,” Fred called. “We can't go by Page's standards.”

Sue stared Frank down and smiled. “A rather unpleasing fulfillment, but yes, I believe you have fulfilled your dare.”

Fred put on his clothes as rapidly as he could, took his seat and grinned at Page.

Page stood, slowly and provocatively, promising herself she was going to do the dare as a stripper would, without any care in the world except for the achievement of the assignment.

She undressed, slowly, teasingly until she stood naked in front of the men and faced them without a flinch.

The men stared.



“You’ll think they’re reading a book,” Page said.

Sue smiled. “Except for the fact that idiots don’t read books, they watch TV... which is the equivalence of black holes staring into black holes. They’re idiots. Someone should help them all out and put a bullet into their brains.”

“Guys...” Page called. “...have I fulfilled my end of the dare?”

None of them responded.

“Guys...” Page called.

Sue shook her head. “Put your clothes on Page. I say you have.”

Fred shook his head. “I say not! Turn around Page. I was asked to turn around by Sue and I obliged.”

“If we can also agree you’re idiots, we can agree she should turn around,” Sue said.

“We’re idiots,” the men echoed.

Sue and Page laughed.

“Sit down Page,” Sue said. “Clearly you’ve heard them say it. They’re idiots.”

Page put her clothes on and took her seat.

“That’s absolutely not fair,” Fred complained.



“So is making me watch you drool like an idiot over something that isn’t yours. For what useful reason exactly?” Sue responded and stood.

They all stared at her as they observed silence. She stared from one man to another to another, thinking.

“That’s not fair,” Fred complained. “Not a glance towards the feline culprit behind you?”

Sue glanced backward at Page and faced the men again. She took her time staring from man to man, and suddenly stopped and stared strictly at Frank.

“No way!” Frank complained.

“Why not?” Sue asked with a shrug.

“You can’t possibly pick me after the nonsense Wade pulled,” Frank replied.

“The way I see it...” Sue started, and hesitated briefly. “...you can still take up the gun to your head option or you can deal with me. Nothing about this is supposed to be as expected. That’s what the dare-to-dare or deal-to-deal is about. You don’t pick your luck or misfortune, your luck or misfortune picks you.”

Frank shook his head. “It’s all nonsense; I wouldn’t be here if we hadn’t ventured into our greatest risk yet. Why are we risking this game at all?”



She studied him. “It’s always been the fun after the fun, why in hell would you want to stop this now, and do what with your time? Anything goes in a dare to dare. You should never ask why.”

“And here I am asking why,” he replied.

Sue raised an eyebrow. “Would you rather a bullet to your brain? I dare you go first.”

“If...” Frank voiced.

“You mean if you had somewhere better to be. If your time was running low?” she replied

Frank looked perplexed, as he was sure if he quit the game he considered needless in the moment, there was little to do with his time but worry about his fate. “Okay Sue, just do it. Dare to dare me.”

Sue smiled, broadly, and spoke seriously when she did. “I dare you to summon the entity of cursed spaces in this hollows of hollows and ask of the rest of our time, ask of our fates.”

They were all silenced, as Frank stared at her momentarily for a measure of realistic intentions, and when she hardly changed her demeanor, “What?” he asked.

She shrugged. “That’s the dare.”

Frank smiled sarcastically as the others looked on in wonderment. “If that was the dare, then it’s more a waste of my time or temporary insanity as anything worthwhile, but if this is one of your crazy



Hipster ideas, it has no place in the real dare to dare game....”

“A dare is hardly a game in my view...it is a risk engagement for a risk engagement. There’s no luck in it,” Sue argued.

He shrugged. “I mean, how the freak in hell do I summon a demon or some entity as you may, whatever the hell he is.”

Fred laughed. “As you said Frank. It’s one of her Hipster ideas, so she knows.”

“And the point if she knows and I don’t?” Frank asked.

Wade smiled. “It must be one of those antecedent-precedent things.”

“Hmm...antecedent and precedent...There’s a line and you’re not sure which one is better to cross?” Sue asked smiling.

Frank frowned. “Why would there be any reference to which one is better if there isn’t a choice to make?” Frank asked.

“That’s the point of dare-to-dare isn’t it?”

“There aren’t two lines?” Wade asked.

Sue shook her head. “No. You may ask if there is any line at all.”



“So you agree to this being some form of thoughtless game?” Frank asked.

Sue shook her head. “It’s not a game. If it were a game, it will be a dare to dare game. And there is no demon involved here. As it stands, it is a dare.”

Frank shrugged. “So we dare a weasel to pick a brain...how the freaks do I ever get to summon a demon Sue...if that is, you’re not losing some mind at the moment.”

Sue smiled. “I am not losing a mind. That’s the dare.”

“As I said, she knows,” Fred added. “But why hasn’t David had the honor to go first. Is he immune?”

Sue turned to David.

David raised an eyebrow. “Whatever is going to be creating the repercussion of fates, ghost pulses or some higher order ultrasonic omnipresence of superlative degree?”

“None of those questions could be answered without you risking your hypothetical instincts, could they David?” Sue asked.

“I dare you to go first,” Frank said, holding David's eyes.

David drew his head back, turning in Frank's direction. “Go what first?”



“Help decipher the fate that awaits us since you are the perpetual planner who could not see I and Wade's unmasking coming. What fate may await us in this hell hole hollow you put us in?” Frank replied.

“I am not a fortune teller but if Sue is up to some reverberating repercussion legend, let her do it,” David replied. “You look like your fate is worse than mine having been unmasked, why don't you go first?”

Frank turned to Sue. “Don't got the legend's calling card, you got it?”

Sue held his eyes for a brief moment. “Then you want me to go first?”

“Sure,” Frank replied.

“Okay,” Sue responded solemnly. “I'll go first. We humbly summon the entity Luciberia Decibel...as an echo he moves, as an echo he pervades, as an echo he imposes his force.”

David frowned. “How are we sure it is a he rather than a she?”

Fred engaged David's eyes. “I doubt that doubtful calling card could ever be about the vocal range or distinction. That is, if it is possible for a point in time representing a space-time event relative to another point in space-time phase in the lapse of some event directly relative to another, then it is possible to make this scientific, relate present



events to a possible event with true relativity from point to point.”

David stared at his closest friend in the group as if he was losing his mind. He chose not to vocalize his thoughts. “Are you saying this possible scientific relativity is embodied in some entity named Luciberia Decibel?”

Fred shrugged. “I’m saying I don’t give a rat's ass as long as the scientific possibility exists.”

“Now that we got the possibilities straight I will make the localized vocal call on him again... We humbly summon the entity Luciberia Decibel...as an echo he moves, as an echo he pervades, as an echo he imposes his force...”

Frank frowned. “That doesn’t sound like witchcraft at all, Decibel goes the range zero to three-sixty back and back again as in two possible-impossible circles or say some mysterious corner, zero to one thirty maybe? Seriously?”

Sue ignored Frank's comments. “We will do this again before we can seal our fates... We humbly summon the entity Luciberia Decibel...as an echo he moves, as an echo he pervades, as an echo he imposes his force...”

Frank continued. “I don’t like echoes so much. But this guy Decibel I know him. He’s a geek I tell you, not some entity to call upon; moving with the power of ten, going around killing people with echoes. That’s a geek no doubt.”



Fred smiled. "If he were some powerful entity he won't bother with the echoes crap. He'll be going around, sleeping with other people's wives."

"Banging the hottest chicks while they're sleeping without their knowledge," Wade added.

Fred covered his chest with his palms. "I beg a genie Decibel me. Let me get with chicks while they are sleeping..."

"Oh for freaks sake!" Page exclaimed. "While they're sleeping without their knowledge?"

"I told you they are idiots," Sue added.

"While they're sleeping...with or without their knowledge," Wade said, holding Page's eyes. "How does that sound?"

"Sounds like pure bullcrap to me still. You freaking idiots," Page chastised.

Fred shrugged. "What does it really matter with or without their knowledge?"

"Oh shut the freak up all of you!" Sue exclaimed.

"Frank dealt a dare and we're going to have to stick by it. Is that clear?"

"Clear," Fred responded.

"Clear," Frank responded reluctantly.



Sue exhaled. “Good. You may not think we can get out of this, but maybe we can. And I need you to take this seriously, at least while we do the summoning. A deal is a deal.”

“Deal,” Frank and Fred echoed.

Sue turned to Wade.

“Deal,” Wade responded.

She turned to Page.

“I’m definitely deal,” Page responded.

“Now I need you all to be quiet while I light my Lucky Prayer Candle,” she said

“That sounds like some perfect oxymoron described without its senses,” Fred commented.

“That oxymoron describes life perfectly,” Page commented.

David shook his head. “Not quite...life is a river full of REM in constant refill for some. They have it easy and hardly have to work hard for it...Those who know the depths of this oxymoron suffer a lot more.”

Fred shrugged. “Your beginnings may have been rough David but you're a bread and butter scientist who is thrilled with the insatiable need to outsmart crime, which brings you not quite far away from that river of REM.”



Sue retrieved the candle, set it down on the table, retrieved a bottle, poured its content in her hands before rubbing her hands together. When she opened her palms they were dark.

“What’s with the black powder,” Frank asked.

“It’s a Porch, a bridge for realms, a passageway for the summoned when invited,” she replied. “We need some silence for the echo to come through.”

And she waited until the air was crisp with emptiness, void, and a pin drop could not be heard, before she held her palms together over the lighted candle and spoke in a chant. “Luciberia Decibel, Lord of echoes. I summon thee catcher, watcher of space, reckon your presence onto ours. We light a candle to guide our fates. As an echo you will trace our fates.”

She repeated the chant several times and quieted.

Fred spoke. “Are you chanting some more? Or we’re done?”

“Anymore will be overdoing it,” she replied.

After a few seconds of silence, Fred stared at Page.

She shook her head. “Frank may have been victim but he hasn’t been forth and forward yet. He needs to dare to be dared.”

“I don’t need to do anything of that sort,” Frank replied. “I’ll rather watch someone come short of their end of a dare again than dare to dare.”



They were all silent for a while.

“Boredom will kill us before anything else can,”
Wade said.

Fred shook his head. “Frank is going to take a dare
next.”

Frank frowned. “I will do no such thing. The last
time I checked you were the boss of the crime
front while David is the boss of the brain planning
front. And clearly so far, we have been let down
woefully. You were never and never will be the
boss of me.”

“That was only the last time. Things have changed
and things are changing Frank. Maybe you should
learn to change with things,” Fred replied.

Frank frowned, moving quickly towards the edge of
his seat. “If you’re saying what I think you’re saying
Fred, with the unmasking, one of us is going to die
faster than anyone can find us. You will die faster
than you can be the boss of me if you try now.
So...”

They heard it loudly and clearly; a knock, on the
wall the way they came in.

“What is that?” Wade the most intoxicated of them
asked loudly.

“I heard it too,” Frank said.



Fred stood instantly. "I could have said you guys are even more chicken than the ladies but I heard it too."

They all stared at David.

"Impossible," he voiced.

The knock came in loud and clear again.

Fred sat down in a heap of helplessness. "I never imagined it would be over so fast."

"Oh, just shut up Frank, you're truly chicken," Page snapped.

Sue frowned as they all stared towards the wall that housed the inlet. "It could be something else entirely."

Frank engaged Sue's eyes. "A bird?"

"Or the guy who keeps the house..." Sue suggested.

"The guy who keeps the house can never keep this part of the house," David replied.

"He could have grown nosy and could have help, a Hammer perhaps," she replied.

"Then why won't he just call my name out loudly?" David replied.

"For that I have not an answer," Sue replied.



They all got on their feet, rushed to stand close to the entry area, surveying the seeming space-proof surfaces closely. It looked daunting rather than protective.

Fred moved closer to the wall to touch the sliding partition.

“Wait,” Page cautioned.

Fred hesitated.

“What if it’s them...the scumbags of chasers on this earth...the police...finally after us. I mean SWAT would have crowded the place by now. Locking ourselves in here could be our only salvation in the moment.”

“Or it could be some homeless idiot who popped a window, popped a door, and doesn’t know he’s way out of his range,” Fred replied.

The knock came in again, loud and clear.

And this time Fred did not hesitate. “This has nothing to do with the use of force. There’s some idiot out there and I’m going to get him on his way.” He pulled back the slider and pushed forward. The others waited briefly, before Wade followed.

“You must be eager to die,” Frank told him.



But when Wade got to the exit, Fred wasn't to be found.

He came back in. "He wasn't there," he said and they all waited patiently, silently, hoping for the best.

The best came in the form of footsteps, and when Fred re-emerged they were relieved.

But he was hardly relieved as he stared over and behind them in shock and awe. "Who the hell is that?"

They turned and stepped away from the corner they had imagined was safe and secure, the corner with no entry point to back the entry point they had imagined was difficult for some unknown or known outsider to decipher without their knowledge.

The man was tall and bearded with long oblong face appearing like a glimmer meshed with his hair and beard, as if he were a single surface with transparent partition. He was extraordinarily, almost unnaturally tall and the dark clothing he had on flowed like silk alongside the shadows surrounding him like appendages, moving with him as he moved towards them.

"Now what echo of shipwrecks have we got here?" His tone was fierce and portable like a string of echoes held in place.



Sue stepped forward as he inserted his hands in his pocket and retrieved them as if he were brushing through space, picking up space and returning space. She inspected him, her breath quickening, her chest rising and falling. “Lord Decibel?”

Fred stepped forward, studying the man. “How the freak in hell did you get in here?”

Decibel shrugged. “You knocked I answered. I knocked you answered.”

Fred deepened his frown. “I didn’t let you in.”

He raised his hand. “But you invited me. You called earnestly, and here in your presence I am earnestly as well. You do know everything has a price.”

Fred held David's eyes. “Is there an empty passageway you didn’t tell us about?”

David, bewildered in the moment, shook his head. “None that I know of.”

Fred drew his head back. “And you are the only one that should know...”

Frank held Decibel's seeming blurred eyes steadily. “What price does everything have?”

Decibel put his hand to his chin and studied Frank. He smiled. “Smart on your feet aren’t you now Frank?”

Frank frowned. “How do you know my name?”



“Did you not ask for my presence?” Decibel asked.

Frank hesitated briefly. “I believe Sue did.”

Decibel tilted his head, and smiled slowly. “I’m sorry for that error. Did you not agree to summon my presence?”

Frank nodded. “That agreement I made yes.”

“Then you summoned me with a dare?” Decibel asked.

Frank smiled. “Actually it’s a dare to dare.”

“Well then you understand everything has a price?” Decibel asked.

Frank hesitated.

Sue spoke. “Yes we do Lord Decibel. Yes we do.”

The others, taken in by the reality of such an event didn’t speak.

Decibel stared from Wade to Page to Frank, to Fred, to David. “Then you understand?”

David shook his head. “I don’t believe I made any deal.”

“Tacitly you did,” Decibel replied.

“Understand what?” Wade asked. “I didn’t make a deal either. Sue and Frank did.”



Decibel smiled. “While that may be true. You all summoned my presence together.”

“Sue asked us to,” Fred said.

“And you agreed?” Decibel asked.

“Yes. It was—” Fred said.

“Understood? Then you understand,” Decibel said.

“Understand what?” Fred asked.

“Everything comes at a price,” Decibel said.

They were all silent for a while wondering if they truly knew what he meant.

He smiled. “Well then, a deal for a dare.”

Sue frowned. “A deal for a dare?”

“He means a dare for a dare,” Frank corrected.

Decibel shook his head. “No. I mean a deal for a dare.”

“Why can’t it be a dare for a dare as we’ve been doing all along?” Frank asked.

“Because your summoning was for a deal,” Decibel replied. “You want to know your fates. I will make a dare.”



Fred exhaled, pulled Sue by the arm, held Decibel's eyes and said. "If you don't mind, we'll like to convene privately with Sue for a few seconds."

Decibel shook his head. "I don't mind at all."

They convened, some reasonable distance away from Decibel.

"Are we convening?" Page asked. "If I didn't know it I'll say the devil has ears, and the fool is the Lord of echoes."

"I don't think the fool heard that last part about you calling him a fool," Fred replied. "But this is about Sue." He turned to Sue. "What the hell have you gotten us into?"

"I had your consent remember?" she replied.

Fred exhaled. "But we didn't know freak show was going to appear in person asking us to make a deal. How do we get out of it?"

Sue exhaled. "We can't. The understanding was there that everything has a price when we summoned him."

Frank spoke sternly. "You knew we had to make some kind of deal with him?"

"I knew that, yes, but I didn't know he would actually show up and there is no way to get out of it," she answered solemnly.



Fred turned around. “Well then I don’t mind trying.”

He walked towards Decibel with a determination unlike that he had before they convened. “Look pal, I don’t think I want to make that deal. A deal is not my thing, so I’m opting out.”

Decibel smiled. “I don’t think you understand pal. You made the deal when you summoned me. There’s no getting out of it.”

Fred studied him. “The summoning is the deal?”

“The summoning is the deal,” Decibel replied.

David stepped into Decibel’s direct path. “As I said I didn’t make any deal explicitly. It’s impossible to force someone into a deal they didn’t directly make.”

Decibel raised an eyebrow. “Is it really? The deal was directly made in a group. You made the decision as a group when you did the summoning. There’s no getting out of it.”

David narrowed his eyes. “Or what?”

Decibel raised both eyebrows and his brows seemed to draw an echoing line towards the extreme sides of the room. “You really want to find out?”

“Why else under the freaking stars will I ask it? A reminder for some good conversation?” David asked.



Decibel smiled. “Because you know either way requires a price?”

Fred frowned. “What do you mean either way requires a price?”

“Whether you make a deal or not, you must pay a price,” Decibel replied. “You try to get out of this deal and I will change your fate.”

“You will what?” Fred asked.

“As a demon may or as some impossible-possible supernatural scientist may endeavor to change the courses of time?” David asked.

Decibel continued. “As all the natural condition in a moment may allow me to pervert the natural course of time through causation, for some possible preferable alternate outcome. It us usually referred to as knowledge and opportunity in this world. It is what makes events happen. I have both. Your summoning me is a reckoning of your fates. If some event can not continue in time, it incurs the very reckoning of cessation. There is no getting out of it. The only way to get out of it will break you in two. If you weren’t up for it, you should never have dared to make a deal, especially one about fate.”

Fred shrugged. “What the hell does that mean?”

Decibel engaged his eyes. “A ripple forward has a ripple backward. If you know where the ripple will be you may throw a stone to cause a ripple of your own.”



“And if the ripple is not of water waves?” David asked.

“You make time borrow the wind as the wind borrows time,” he replied.

“What the hell does that mean?” David asked.

“There’s no way out of this for any of you,” he replied simply.

Fred moved closer to Decibel and raised his nose as he sniffed into the air around him. “Something smells fishy. You must be joking.”

Decibel smiled down at him. “Now that’s a man after my heart. Something must be funny truly and that must be the impression of your fates.”

Wade turned around in frustration and made another turn to face Decibel again. “Now why would anyone ever want to make a deal with you?”

Decibel whispered sardonically. “To tell you the truth, it’s because they never try to know me before they ask for my help.”

Fred turned to Sue. “Now why would any sane person do that?”

Sue scratched her forehead. “We can’t stay cooked up in here forever. I figured if we knew our fates we’ll best know how to survive this situation we’re in.”



Fred exhaled. “We reconvene,” he told Decibel.

They pulled away from Decibel to reconvene.

“What if he goes first?” Fred asked.

Page agreed instantly, holding Fred’s eyes. “Then whatever crap he’s got up his sleeves he’ll purge before he gets to us. At least we’ll have some idea what he’s up to. Taking our turn first seems unwise; like the bullet in the brain Dare with you and Frank.”

“I will think so,” Fred agreed.

“Maybe we should take a minute to think about it,” Sue said. “What if he’s smarter than us?”

Fred frowned. “He’s not smarter than us. He’s some entity or—”

“Jesus Christ or something?” Page said sarcastically.

Sue hesitated briefly. “This worries me. I don’t see any reason-ability in his not going first. If he doesn’t, we may never know our fates. Do we all agree? Or does anyone have a better idea?”

Wade nodded.

Page nodded.

Frank nodded.

Fred nodded.



David nodded reluctantly.

“Then we all agree,” Fred concluded.

They walked back towards Decibel.

Fred spoke. “Since we don’t have a choice if we deal or not, because according to you, we dealt as a group, we agree as a group that you should deal your end first so we may learn our fates.”

Decibel smiled.

And Fred was beginning to wonder what was funny.

“Your agreement was unanimous?” he asked.

Fred nodded. “Yes it was. So about your price?”

Decibel smiled. “We may all take our seats shall we?”

They all took their seats, Decibel as well.

And they all stared at him as he looked larger than life in his chair, the air around him flowing with his presence and not against it.

He smiled. “I often wondered what I’ll wish for if life was some random paradise masquerading as some unitary utopia...”

“Whatever could that wish be?” Wade asked.



“Some distraction strong enough to keep me too busy to ever want to figure out the nature of the truth,” Decibel replied.

Sue frowned. “Really? You don’t want to bang all the stupid chicks like these fools do?”

“Not if one of them has some interesting conversation, some intimate engagement, some distraction strong enough to keep me too busy to ever want to discover the truth other than the very same sex those other stupid chicks have to give. Maybe someone like you Sue...” he replied.

Sue smiled before she quickly contained herself.

“If you truly know anything about chicks you know they never give the same name to the same thing called sex,” David replied.

Decibel smiled, deviously. “That must be why you would invent some random paradise to give yourself some sex filled God-ordained unitary utopia.”

David shrugged. “We are saying the same thing. If one is able to do it, then another one is able to do it. If quality matters then the thrill is in the chase for the next big high of that qualifying one however random the path.”

“I’m clueless David, do inform me...if your theory was to hold, what does a lifetime of high, a lifetime



of theft amount to? Is it something brilliant or something false?” Decibel asked.

David raised an eyebrow. “I can ask you the same with the way you’re going on with Sue. Is that a flotation device you’re wearing or a flirtation device?”

“It looks like a flotation complex doesn’t it?” Decibel asked.

“As opposed to a flirtation complex to a flirtation complex?” David asked.

Decibel shrugged. “Flirtation complexes and other trivialities of such caliber are for foolish men who think they are smart.”

Fred spoke. “Arguments are for people who have little apprehension about their fates. So what is it you wish for particularly in this flotation simplex we call earth?”

Decibel held Frank’s eyes. “I seek not its diamond, gold or artificial monies, nor the ears of some fateless dragon do I seek to own, but only that I be entertained with the intensity bold and strong enough to keep me from asking or looking for the natural truth.”

Frank smiled, mildly relieved, yet cautious. “You want to be entertained?”

Decibel nodded. “Indeed I do.”

Fred smiled.



The others were cautiously mute.

Frank shrugged. "Well then, do you want us to sing and dance, make a bit of a splash; what?"

Decibel spoke softly but firmly. "I deal you that whoever tells the worse joke must die."

"What?" Page and Sue echoed simultaneously.

"This is a horrible idea," Wade said, shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

"It's worse than horrible," Fred replied. "It's not deal-able. Whoever in their right minds will deal the possibility of death? I'm out of here..." But Frank found himself glued to his seat. "What? You tied us to a chair with magic?"

Decibel frowned. "What magic? You agreed to sit down for this deal."

"What," a number of them echoed, realizing they too were tied to their seats with some form of force as well.

Decibel nodded "That was in place the second you agreed to the deal. This is a sitting deal. I wish to be entertained." He watched them struggle in their seats for a while before giving up. "It must be decided and fast. Or eternity will meet you in that seat."

They were all silenced briefly before Fred spoke. "Sue," he called.



Sue exhaled. "I'm afraid this is the price, and there is no way around it."

They were all silent for a while longer this time before Frank spoke. "Whatever will become of this will become of this. So we stake it like a dare to dare game."

"We have an agreement then?" Decibel asked.

"Yes," Fred answered. "Or do we have a choice?"

"Then we'll start with you Fred, and then go along with the rest as they come."

Fred exhaled, and hesitated for a while for thought. "A woman hires a private detective to snoop on her husband so she may take him to the cleaners in their divorce. Two weeks later, "I've got news for you," the Detective says. "Is it his secretary," the woman asks. "No," the Detective answers, "It's all just you. You're doing the pool boy."

Decibel laughed out loudly for some uncomfortable while, and maintained it.

The others could hardly be amused. They stared at him, wondering if he was genuinely amused as his laughter was much exaggerated than the joke could afford.

When his laughter subsided, he stared at Page, who was seated next to Fred.

Page exhaled, and remained silent for some uncomfortable while. "They say marriage is forever



but they're wrong. Engagement is forever, as long as you never set a date, or make it on that date, or make it to that date."

Decibel smiled, giggled before he let out a loud laugh. He then continued to laugh for a while before his laughter subsided.

He turned to Wade.

"I'm not much of a joke teller," Wade responded.

Decibel smiled. "Then you must be a volunteer puppet for the death squad."

Wade exhaled. "A man once ran his tales from one end of the country to another so he won't pay child support until the woman caught up with him and sold all his vital organs to make ends meet."

Decibel smiled, and all was tense before he started to laugh, his laughter catching up to itself as a plague might inside and outside some containment. And as a plague's wrath enlightened with its veracity, Decibel's laughter rocked the enclosure like an earthquake. And when he was done, he turned to Frank.

Frank held his eyes briefly, before retrieving his gaze to focus on his thoughts. "A robber goes up to a bank teller, shows his gun and says, "Give me your money!" The bank teller empties her pocket; a few hundred dollars later, the robber inspects it. "Is this all?" he asks. The teller dips her hands in her pockets for the feel of loose change. She tosses



them towards the robber. The robber inspects it. “Are you new at this bitch? Why are you keeping these in your pockets?” he asks. The teller stares at him without much understanding. “Seems like you’re the stupid idiot who’s new at this. Whose money do you want; mine or the bank’s?”

Decibel laughed, and laughed, and laughed until he couldn’t anymore.

Afterwards he turned to Sue.

Sue exhaled but hardly hesitated. “A group of friends took to a dare to drink. The first round; “If you’ve had sex in the year, drink.” Everyone drank except one. The second round; “If you’ve had sex in the last year, drink.” Everyone drank except one. The third round; “If you’ve had sex in the last two years, drink.” And this third time, instead of watching drinks being poured into other’s glasses, the one who hadn’t drank took the bottle and drank the rest of the alcohol. “I thought you hadn’t had sex in five years?” one of her friends asked. “I forgot to tell you,” she said. “I slipped once, had a one night stand, and a bottle fell in my mouth.”

Decibel held the uneasy hesitation, appearing thoughtful before he broke into a round of laughter.

Sue heaved a sigh of relief.

And they waited.

He turned to David.



David exhaled heavily. "I am not much of a joker Decibel. In fact I am the worst of this bunch."

"But you made a deal," Decibel replied.

David hesitated briefly, thinking. "Tacitly."

Decibel nodded. "Indeed so."

"And so once upon a time a scientists came to work..."

Decibel busted out laughing...

For the first time, the others laughed with him.

David frowned. "Wait a minute, I'm not finished..."

"I thought that was the joke," Decibel said. "That was very funny."

David continued. "Just let me finish...The scientist came to work for an unemployment research and rehabilitation group for the jobless where they use edgy hypnotic procedures to achieve success. But they reached a snag because every time they induce with the phrase "corner office," the subject were given some sudden inexplicable bolt of energy and renewed self will. They jumped to their deaths..."

His laughter roared, and was unstoppable for a reasonably long while. When he stopped he began to hum in a melodic sensationally sweet tone which grew increasingly harsh, until it became painful to the ears. He didn't stop. Instead he



stared at Wade as the humming became increasingly harsh, increasingly painful, increasingly loud, increasingly echoing.

Wade began to struggle in his seat with nothing in particular, nothing substantial, his eyes first widening and then closing as his agony increased. He grabbed his jaw, held on to it tightly before drawing them towards his throat. He was certain the pain he was absorbing without success was increasing with increasing pitch from Decibel's humming sounds and it was hopelessly driving down his body. He began to wheeze and some mere seconds later, began to cough out blood.

The others, uncomfortable in their seats as well and unable to vacate them, could not help him but rather watched his pains grow alongside theirs, his with exponential pain-filled frequency.

Page screamed at the sight of Wade's teeth falling out.

But her screams barely dissuaded Decibel's humming.

Wade's agony was unrelenting but he could hardly speak as teeth after teeth popped out of his mouth and soon, it became apparent he was choking on his own blood.

"Decibel please!" Sue pleaded in a show of silent helplessness.



Decibel led out a very sharp powerful tone, rocking the interior of the enclosure like a crashing wave.

And all was quiet.

Their pains seized.

Wade, with his head hung to the side, was dead.

Decibel waited a few seconds for the reality of the incident to sink the moment. “Whoever tells the worse joke must die.” He stared at Fred.

“What?” Fred raised his eyebrow as he moved frantically in his immovable seat. “Didn’t you just have what you wanted?”

Decibel raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t you hear the contract?”

“What contract?” Fred asked. “Seems like a horrible one sided deal to me.”

“But you should have listened to it. It says whoever tells the worse jokes die.”

“As opposed to worst joke?” Fred asked.

Decibel held his eyes unwaveringly. “Now, you happen to have read the fine lines simply by listening. The voice is the writer, the writer is the voice. Otherwise, there is no line to read or read between.”



“What the hell does that mean?” Frank asked.

David dropped his head. “Only one of us will get to live to hear his or her fate,” he replied solemnly.

Page screamed. Sue wailed. The men could hardly do either. And the news of their fates quieted them into a form of helpless immobile state.

Decibel didn't encourage them to speak.

“What now?” Fred asked eventually.

“You have eternity to decide, at which point you can either die of hunger or of boredom,” Decibel replied.

“Or?”

“You can honor your end of the deal. Whoever tells the worse joke dies.”

“Let's just do it,” Sue, who seemed suddenly uncaring about her fate, said.

Fred took her suggestion. “A woman in a bar starts sharing her experience about lawyers. She says, “I have a new lawyer who is surprisingly good. I never thought I will meet a good lawyer. And I am even emotionally attached to him. The man seating beside her by the bar scoffs. “You're a fool lady. I bet he's taking you on some long fancy ride,” he says. The woman shakes her head. “I am nobody's fool. But yes he took me for a long ride the other day.” The man smiles sarcastically. “Have you started wondering yet which one he took for a ride,



you or the car?" The woman frowns, "What?"
"There are no good or bad lawyers," the man says,
"There are only assholes." "How would you know?"
the woman asks. The man smiles, "Because the car
is euphemism. They always have asses they have
no hole for."

Decibel smiled, slowly before his laughter took
shape and pace. When he relaxed his vocal cords,
he turned to Page.

Page was shaking in her seat, still reeling in the
emotional aftershock of watching Wade die. There
was an unmistakable tremor in her tone when she
spoke. "They say cigarettes kill by turning people
into skeletons. I say what a time-wasting hogwash
load of crap. It's helping me be more myself. I was
born a skeleton."

Decibel hesitated briefly and Page held her breath.

He then smiled before he roared in laughter. After
his laughter subsided, he turned to Frank.

Frank exhaled twice. "Once, a perpetual sinner
went to confession and says, "Father, forgive me
for I will sin. "What are you saying my child?" the
Father asks. "I'm going to rob a bank tonight and I
need forgiveness in advance," the robber says.
"Why not come for forgiveness afterwards," the
Father asks. The robber shakes his head. "Father,
there's a good chance I'll die in there.""

Decibel laughed, and laughed till his laughter
subsided. He turned to Sue.



Sue exhaled, and the quiver in her voice couldn't be mistaken as she spoke. "Men are sometimes too dumb for words. As many times as I've tried to teach them the word, 'monogamy,' they always understood it to be 'monogasmic' meaning "when I'm done, you're on your own.""

Decibel laughed and laughed as they all took to the edge of their unmovable seats. The tension crowded the room because they knew the last laugh held their fates.

Sue turned to David.

David exhaled. And when he spoke, his voice was strained. "Once upon a time, a famous computer genius went on a blind date skydiving—"

Decibel busted into laughter...

This time, the others could hardly find anything funny alongside him.

"But I am not finished," David complained, wondering why the jokes about time and scientists gets the better of him.

"That bit was funny..." he said, "...so go ahead and finish..."

David continued. "While on the skydiving date his beautiful companion had an accident and died. And when asked if he would ever go on a blind date again, he said, "I will never give up on love. If at first you don't succeed try the jump again..."



And they weren't disappointed. He roared with laughter before he began to hum and his humming became more disturbing and painful, until the echoes filled every orifice they possessed. He then turned to Page.

Sue screamed instantly. And held her eyes closed and her head down as she heard Page scream relentlessly.

The men watched in horror as she bled, lost all her teeth and were somewhat glad when the humming subsided.

Page's head hung down sideways, her hips hugged to the chair, yet unable to leave her seat.

There were four left and they were all beyond words. The horror couldn't be sounded. It was sound without a sound mind.

Decibel smiled. "We have yet eternity."

"Oh what the hell?" Fred said. "Let's get it over with."

"Fred," Sue cautioned.

"Shut the hell up Sue. You got us into this mess," Fred replied.

Frank was yet pensive over the last death and remained silent.

Fred spoke. "Hell to hell, Decibel. I've got one for you since you like laughing so much. A man asks a



waiter in a restaurant one fateful day, “Why are whales so fat when they don’t eat fat but eat their own kind?” And the waiter answers, “But that’s a stupid question sir. It’s like asking why demons are evil—they always eat good.”

Decibel laughed, laughed and laughed long and hard. And when he was no longer laughing he turned to Frank.

Frank exhaled. “What do you call a penny-licker who takes the longest route to the bus? A butt-top.”

Decibel laughed and laughed until he no longer could. And when he couldn’t, he turned to Sue.

Sue exhaled. “After losing his job, a man goes home drunk and the next morning when he wakes up he is covered in bruises. “What happened,” he asks his wife. “Since you’re too fat and out of a job, I had to drag you up the stairs,” his wife replies. “You beat me up!” the husband accuses. The next day the man comes home drunk again and finds bruises on his body. The day after that he does the same and wakes up the morning after by the bottom of the stairs, unable to move. There he asks his wife, “Why am I not covered in bruises?” His wife stares down at him as she speaks, “When you decided to drag yourself up the stairs than have me beat you up, you fell and broke your neck. So now, you’re jobless, paralyzed and you have more time.”



“More time for what?” the man asks. “More time to nurse your bruises,” the wife answers.”

Decibel bellowed into surging laughter. It bellowed hard and strong and when he was finished, he turned to David.

David exhaled, “once upon a nano-imagination of time, a scientist walked into the closest bar to hell...”

Decibel busted out laughing. “Nano-imagination of time. It’s getting funnier and funnier...”

“I’m not finished...” David complained.

Decibel smiled. “of course you’re not. Go ahead and finish in this nano-imagination of time...”

David continued. “He was curious about the supernatural. He wanted to find out where hell was because he had never found heaven. He complained to the bartender, “if hell exists, then heaven must exist. I can use one to prove the existence of the other. Whoever knew getting there will be the problem? I’ve been going around and around and getting nowhere.” But the bartender was adamant he was on a deadly mission. “They say once you get to hell you never come back. The funny thing is that its just around the corner from here. You go right, you go left, you go right, you go left, and its just around the corner.” The scientist shook his head. “Now, that’s just about the darnedest ninth time I’ve heard that. You know what? I am going to use my Alpha-Jerk-



Snag-Nano-Drone to find out what is really around that corner this time. No more bullshit. And the crowd watched as the drone turned corner after corner until it got to the corner, and everyone exclaimed. The scientist was furious, “All these while you unintelligent fools have been sending me on a fool’s errand. There is nothing in that corner but a prostitute eating a bowl of soup.”

Decibel laughed hard and long in the face of their anxieties because it was the last laugh for the foursome who grew more anxious and afraid as the pain from the frequency of the sound emerging from him changed.

As his humming grew more powerful he turned to Sue.

Sue closed her eyes slowly, unwilling to look into the entity's eyes, when and if he chooses to take her. But it was soon evident when the pain should have subsided but didn't and the feel of blood rushed into her mouth—she had been chosen. Nothing could prepare her for the pain of feeling one tooth after another popped off her gums from the echoing force of Decibel's forceful voice. And there as she began to choke, she wished it earnestly that she hadn't summoned Decibel, the Lord of echoes.

Decibel stopped humming.

There were three men. And the agony progressed in their seated positions until two hung their heads to the sides.



David, who had been able to tell favorable time and science jokes was the only one left sitting.

He was cautious in the end, wondering if yet another deadly trick was up Decibel's sleeve. "I think the deal is made. Everybody is dead. I don't have to make any more jokes."

Decibel smiled. "Frankly David, be careful what you say. Life forbid you have a false narrative of public and everybody is a freeloader from hell, destined to make it to heaven on some corner's turn. I dare you a quarter for every turn, you will find riches at that same corner beyond your present nano-imagination of time..."

David shook his head vehemently. "No amount of money could afford me spending a second in your presence more than I have to."

Decibel smiled. "In the end, the apparent is clear. You're the joke. Now to the matter of your fate." Decibel stood.

As David tried to stand, he realized he still couldn't move. He held a disturbing frown as he looked up to hold Decibel's eyes. "What? Are we not done here?"

"To the matter of your fate," Decibel said. "You have eternity to either be funny laugh and die. Let's face it, you'll be doing it among friends you would have easily betrayed for the worth of a quarter. You're still lucky."



Decibel made his way towards the exit.

“You can’t do this!” David yelled. “This is not fair!”

And as soon as he heard the doors he designed close against the wall behind him, he screamed.

This book is made available free to
download, read, listen and share.

PLEASE HELP END THE CIVIL, ECONOMIC
AND INTELLECTUAL TERRORISM AGAINST
ME. DONATE TODAY.

www.edewlogics.com



Eleven year old

Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artemdermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

RELEASE DATE 11/25/2021

PLEASE SUPPORT BAMI & THE TIME WEAVERS